

THE WOE AND THE WEAPON OF JEALOUSY.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

"I shall never marry a Hungarian again, never, never!" declared Mrs. De Gal as the pair were leaving the court. They are so jealous. Next time it will probably be a nice Irishman. They are so jealous.



THIS was the declaration in a Harlem police court last week of an Indian princess wedded to a Hungarian baron, who, she alleged, had hidden her stockings and tied knots in her corset strings to keep her at home. This is but one of many instances of a wife or husband finally awakened to the realization that jealousy can never be half so much of a compliment as it is of a nuisance.

Jealousy is the most universal of human emotions. It originates nine-tenths of the world's desperate deeds and may indeed be reckoned the father of crime. We have all been, or are, or will be, jealous.

The age of dragons is past and only a very few captains or sailors courageous have looked upon the sea-serpent in its trailing fury. But no human being escapes encounter with that most formidable of real or imagined monsters, the green-eyed demon of jealousy that feeds upon human hearts. And in the ensuing combat too many of us come out second best.

That is because we and its victims are too apt to believe jealousy to be the compliment of love for another instead of the product of self-love, which it most certainly is.

The self-consulted Romeos and Julietts of the world, as well as its many Desdemonas and Othellos, would doubtless be very much astonished if they could learn how little real love save that existing between mothers and children there is in the world, and how many so-called grand passions are merely manifestations of egotism.

True love exists out jealousy. It seeks above everything else the happiness of its object, and when it discovers that it has failed to interest or satisfy, it throws neither its nor carbonic acid, but accepts the inevitable as gracefully as may be.

There is, of course, no love that remains always at such white heat of abstinence. The deepest, tenderest affections have moments of uncontrollable jealous rage.

But if we are really in love we firmly shut down the brakes at its very first manifestation.

The jealous temperament is the selfish temperament, and the possessor of it is, in one sense, very fortunate. For to the selfish belong the spoils of life. And the selfish woman very often converts her husband by jealousy, as the unselfish one may rarely hope to do by love.

"Men value women," said a cynical widow the other day, "as they do race-horses; by what they cost them." And there are indeed men of whom this is true enough, whether the cost be counted in money, discomfort or self-respect. Men ruin themselves to marry women simply because they have to ruin themselves to do it. Just as children we coast down hill, not to get to the bottom, but simply for the exhilaration of the slides.

Jealousy as a sensation is very unenviable, but as an offensive and defensive weapon its value cannot be overestimated.

BETTY VINCENT'S ADVICE TO LOVERS.

VERY anxious young woman of twenty-five writes me the following letter, practically asking me to decide her fate:

"I am engaged and expect to be married in September. My fiancé appears to be very fond of me, and I feel sometimes that I really love him, but other times I do not. As he is very ambitious, and earns good money, would give me a nice home; also has good principles. Now, Dear Betty, I would like to know if I really love this man well enough to marry him."

I think she does. Always in the engagement period comes the moment of doubt, of fear, almost amounting to panic, that prompts a girl to retreat before it is too late. But apparently this girl has every reason to urge her forward. The young man's ambition will enable him to win success and comfort for them both, and his good principles will assure her a happy, uneventful domestic life.

Of course she has not a romantic passion for her fiancé or these hesitations would not assail her. But she has lived to be twenty-five without any whirlwind emotion and probably will never have any. She has a sincere affection, however, which she may be sure marriage under ordinary happy conditions will deepen. A great many women now happy wives were once beset by the same doubts that she is. They did not survive the honeymoon. And quite as many old maid would now be happy wives if they had not sacrificed their future happiness in one of these moments of emotional panic.

Go ahead and marry the young man, and bend your energies to making a happy home for him in which your children may be reared to become useful citizens. From your description he will make an ideal husband, and you may consider yourself a girl to be envied.

All perplexed young people can obtain expert advice on their matrimonial affairs by writing to Betty Vincent, Letters for her should be addressed to BETTY VINCENT, Evening World, Post-Office Box 1254, New York.

She Has His Ring.

Dear Betty:

I AM a young lady, twenty-two years old, and I have been keeping company with a young man four years. My fiancé appears to be very fond of me, and I feel sometimes that I really love him, but other times I do not. As he is very ambitious, and earns good money, would give me a nice home; also has good principles. Now, Dear Betty, I would like to know if I really love this man well enough to marry him."

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A Clinging Young Man.

Dear Betty:

I AM a young lady of twenty-one who has been keeping company with a young man twenty-four years. My fiancé appears to be very fond of me, and I feel sometimes that I really love him, but other times I do not. As he is very ambitious, and earns good money, would give me a nice home; also has good principles. Now, Dear Betty, I would like to know if I really love this man well enough to marry him."

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HINTS FOR THE HOME.

Egg Cress Sandwiches.

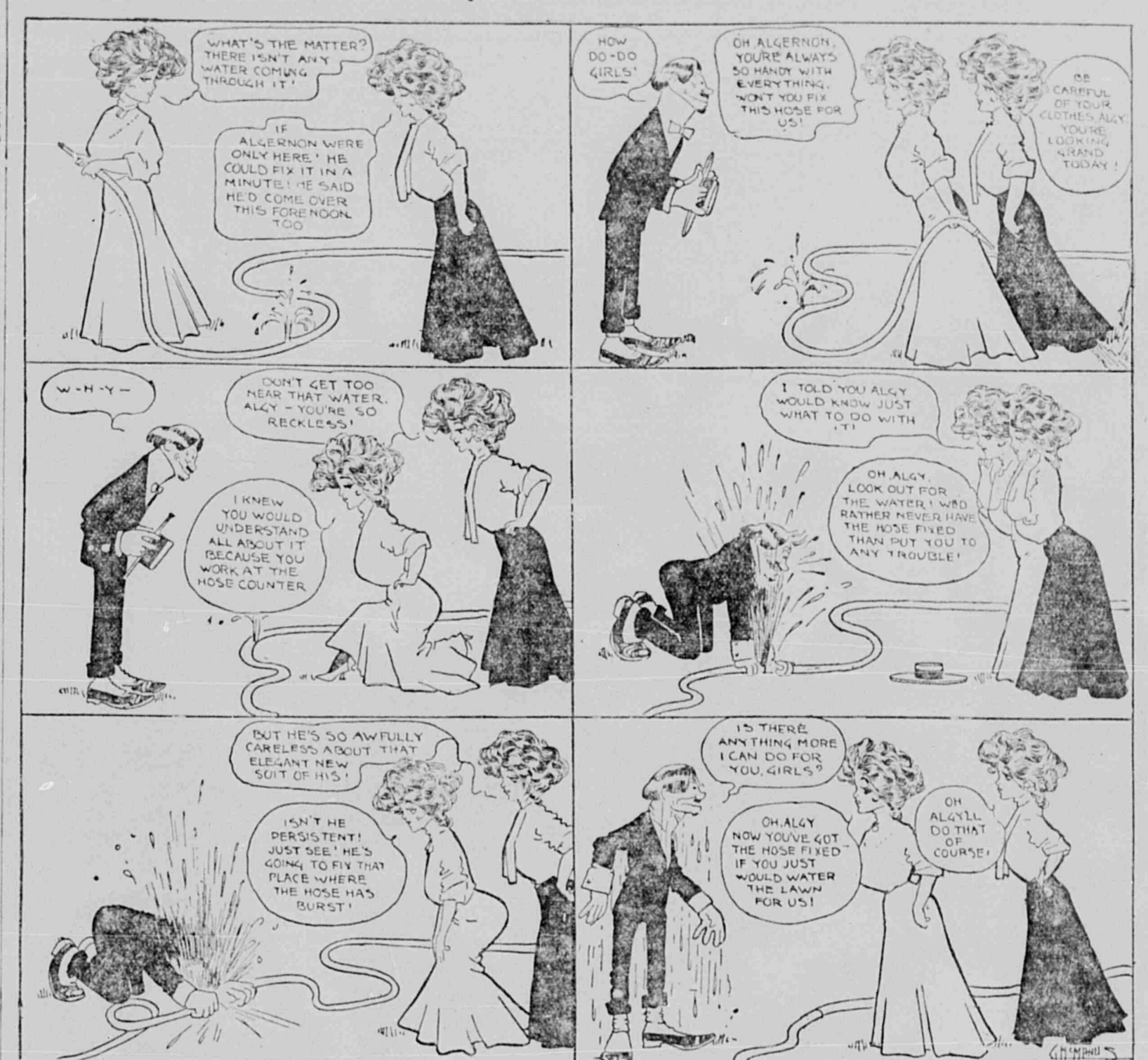
PASS the yolks of four or more eggs through a sieve and pound them with a paste with two tablespoons of butter. Season with salt, pepper, a dust of curry powder and a little vinegar. Have ready some moderately thin slices of white bread. Spread them rather thickly with the prepared butter, place a slice of cucumber and one of tomato on each and form the sandwiches. Keep fresh in the same way as the cress sandwiches.

Snow Cake.

HALF cup butter, one cup of sugar, one and one-half cups flour, half cup sweet milk, whites of four eggs, one teaspoon baking powder, flavor with lemon.

Tomato Sandwiches. CUT some thin slices from a fresh cucumber, and also cut some tomato slices into thin slices. Spread all on a soft cloth before they are required for

THE 'JOLLY' GIRLS—THEY Win! By George McManus



Binks the Bellboy By Mark Madigan

"WHAT I don't understand," said Binks the Bellboy this morning as he looked over a huge cluster of American Beauty roses carried with a lady's name on it. "Is why there's so much hypocrisy in the world. Now, how is it that so many people who play the hypocrite game get away with it?"

"May be they're smarter than the other people," ventured Rafferty, the Carriage Starter.

"May be that's it," said Binks. "But I don't see why any one ever gets fooled by it. Of course, if any one has been rich all their lives and never knew anything else but the hot-air business, I can understand how they would not be likely to get on to the stringin'." But

for any one who has been poor, like you and me, Rafferty, and knows that there are few kind words in the world except when you've got the price, to allow people to string 'em, is more than I can see.

"Now, there's that young fellow that just got the savings that his granddaddy made from his pay at carrying the hod. The young fellow was educated to be a lawyer or a 'high financier' and led to believe that work was made for the old man or the children. He came to New York to get a job with J. P. Morgan or Rockefeller or some other easy-money man, and he put up here at the hotel.

"He paid his room rent regular, and finally got a job serving summonses in a lawyer's office. He went to the law so far as money was concerned, and there was no one at home to send him any. The property of his daddy was tied up in the courts by jealous relatives, who thought they had a claim on it because he had got it from his daddy.

"Well, he just naturally got in good here at the hotel, and they used to talk to him at the desk just as though he was a poor relation.

"One day they threw him out and kept his trunk. A hall bedroom for his and the process service.

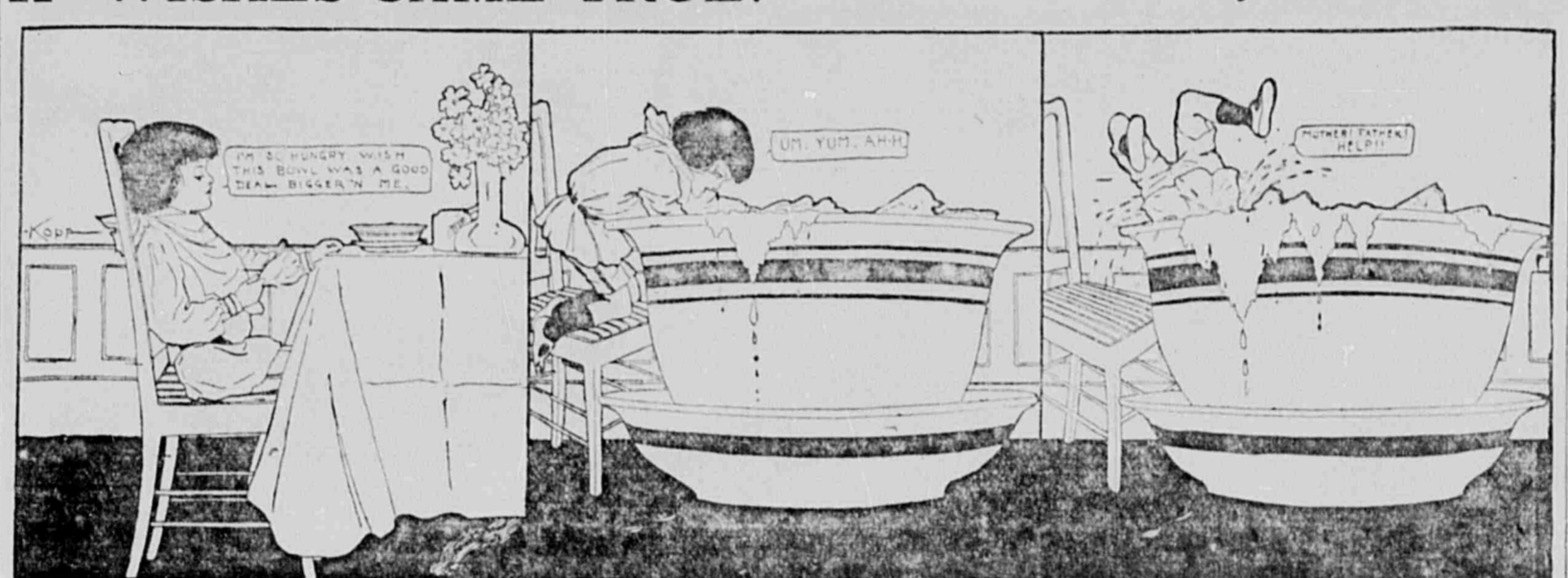
"A couple of weeks ago he came into the money that was comin' to him and the newspapers told all about it. He came in here to pay his bill and the manager was so polite that you'd thought he was gettin' ready to borrow money.

"Well, he just handed that young fellow the hottest kind of good-fellow talk, had him in to lunch and took him to the races with him in the afternoon.

"The young fellow was treated so well he came back here to live and started in to buy all the booze there is in the bar. He has bought some stock in a skin company the manager is boosting for and the way he gets handed out hot air around here is makin' him loosen up just like a drunken sailor.

"He won't last more than a year at the rate he's goin', and then he'll wonder what hit him."

IF WISHES CAME TRUE! By Howard R. Cort.



Mazie was hungry as could be. "This bowl of bread and milk," said she, "is far too small. My hunger's such I wish I'd fifty times as much!"

Ere she could say "Jack Robinson!" The transformation had begun. And Mazie in amazement roars: "The bowl's as big as all outdoors!"

Alas! The greedy little girl! She ate and ate, with brain a-whirl, Till—splash!—she tumbled in the dish. "Help! Mamma! PLEASE UNWISH MY WISH!"

HEALTH AND BEAUTY. By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

To Remove Wrinkles.

YDIA D.—Here is an astringent that may help move your wrinkles. It is made of: Oil of sweet almonds, 200 grammes; white wax, 100 grammes; tincture of benzoin, 50 grammes; rose water, 50 grammes; pulverized tannin, 25 grammes. This powder should not be used as a massage cream, but should be applied after washing the face, to restore shrunken or flabby skin.

Pimple Cure.

L.—Here is an excellent pimple cure which you may find all you need externally. Internally I would try the phosphate of soda cure—a teaspoonful in a glass of hot water before you go to bed, and the same in the morning an hour before breakfast. The pimple lotion is as follows: Iodine, 50 grains; ether, 25 grains; alcohol, 4 drams.

Blackheads on Nose.

M.—It is more difficult to remove the blackheads from the nose than from any other part of the face, but soap, warm water, and friction will do it. This lotion I give you will be helpful: Pure brandy, 2 ounces; cologne, 1 ounce; liquor of potassa, 1 ounce. Apply at night after washing the face thoroughly with soap and warm water.

LETTERS from the PEOPLE ANSWERS to QUESTIONS

Neither Black Nor White Is a Color. A. claims white is no color, but black is, while B. claims that neither white nor black is considered a color. NO SOCIALIST. O. J. G.

New York or Paradise? To the Editor of The Evening World: Moving platform Subways under each street and avenue, with graded speed to allow passengers to travel at any speed from six to thirty miles an hour; escalator stairs to Subways, to elevated roads and to upper floors of even the cheapest flats, tunnels where one may cross under the North and East Rivers in two minutes on electric cars and to Staten Island in five and so plentiful and with such fine service as to render overcrowding impossible; three-cent fares; cheap motors such as Edison cars promised, at \$5 each, for use in any vehicle; rents 40 per cent. lower than now; 40-cent gas; more free pleasure parks; price of living 25 per cent. lower, wages same as now. All this in one day be seen in New York. Not to

OUR DREAM DEPARTMENT.

By Roy L. McCardell.

Everybody Is Dreaming for Our Useful and Ornamental Prizes for the Best and Worst Dreams and Nightmares!

TO those who ask, sending in one dream or nightmare for the splendid prizes we are offering, if only one dream can be entered by each contestant, our reply is, "Dream again and send us in an account of it."

Remember that if you dream long dreams you are only wasting your time. Dream short, sharp, snappy dreams. Try to dream in an odd and interesting manner. Although we have received several thousand dreams, the interest is ever on the increase.

No awards will be made until we have finished our alphabetically arranged interpretation of the common or garden variety of dreams. Good, steady, consistent and conservative dreamers find our list of interpreted dreams of incalculable value.

Instead of boring the family at the breakfast table by recounting the visions of the night before consult our dream book and satisfy yourself as to what they signify. Do not tell your dreams to total strangers; they may steal them and send them in to us. We have no means at present of assisting in identifying dreams or to tell whom they belong to. We can only award our valuable prizes for dreams on their merits as they are sent in.

Where the same dream is used by several preference will be given those who first sent them in. Dream gently, so as not to annoy the neighbors. Already Dr. Darlington, of the Board of Health, has received innumerable complaints about inconsiderate contestants dreaming so hard for our Dream Department prizes that they keep the rest of the neighborhood awake.

Prize for the best dream, a sleeping likeness of the Dozing District Attorney. Worst dream, a canned Welsh rabbit; best nightmare, a gig. Here is our Dream Book and Oraculum of Fate (continued):

Letter "M."

Macaroni—Beware of enemies, who will try to put you on the cheese.

Magnet—A sign that you will be popular. Every one will be drawn toward you.

Marmalade—A warning to Brooklynites. Keep out of the jam at the bridge.

Measure—To dream of a measure is a sign that you are a pretty tall man.

Melon—To dream you cut a melon is a sign that you will win at the races.

Mine—You have something that will be claimed by another.

Moon—Be careful of your money or you soon will be on your last quarter. Don't get full.

Letter "N."

Nails—A sign you will go driving.

Name—To dream you change your name is a good omen for young girls; it presages an early marriage.

Nickel—To dream of having a nickel means you will have five cents if you are not penniless.

Night—To dream it is night shows you know what is what, unless it is a day dream, and then it should dawn upon you that you have been kept in the dark.

Night Watchman—You will never be troubled with insomnia.

Nose—For human beings to dream of having a nose is a good omen; also for actors. It is a sign that they will be "featured."

Nuts—To dream of making a noise like a nut is a sign you are cracked.

Letter "O."

Ocean—A sign that you will see the sea this season. See?

Onions—To dream of eating onions is a sign that you can be safely told a secret. You will not breathe it to a soul.

Old Shoes—Something is on foot.

Oyster—To dream of reading the words "Oysters in Every Style" is lucky. Because it is a good sign.

EVOLUTION. By Charles R. Barnes.

Mr. Darwin gravely studied

Birds and fish—and maybe donkeys—

Then he said that man descended

From baboons and apes and monkeys.

Pooh for all this thing called science!

We assimilate its teaching,

Then our views are all upset

By a different sort of preaching.

Mr. Rockefeller told us:

"Like a sponge I feel—believe it!"

'Twas a doctrine new, but mankind

Felt quite willing to receive it.

Now he urges: "Folks, I'm feeling

Like a rich man—also healthy!"

And we have to take his statement—

Mr. H., you know, is wealthy.

Praps 'tis news of common people

Mr. Darwin's message bringeth.

For this fact is clearly proven:

From a sponge the rich man springeth.

May Manton's Daily Fashions.

THE dress that can be worn with or without the guimpe, as the day is cooler or warmer, is the one that is certain to be in demand during the summer months, and here is an exceedingly attractive model. In the illustration it is made of pale blue French gingham trimmed with broad bands of white embroidery, but it is appropriate for linen, French pique, for Madras and even for the thinner washable fabrics quite as well as for the gingham. The little guimpe should be of white lawn whatever the material of the dress, and is entirely separate. Banding of any sort can be used for trimming, and a still simpler effect can be obtained by omitting the band at the centre front, which is arranged over the box plait.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (eight years) is 4 1/2 yards 27, 2 1/2 yards 26 or 23 1/2 yards 44 inches wide with 4 1/4 yards of banding and 1 1/2 yards 36 inches wide for the guimpe.

Pattern 5373 is cut in sizes for girls of four, six, eight and ten years of age.

Girl's Plaited Dress with Guimpe. Pattern No. 5373.

Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, No. 21 West Twenty-third street, New York. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered.

IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and always specify also wanted.

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